

Certified

Denzel Curry

Because I ball out
Roll face
Hoping I don't
Catch a case
Vibin' hard
Swear to God
.45 up
On my waist
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I said niggas love to get they buzz up
It's a fact them motherfuckers never loved us
I can be the main talk in a barbershop chair, but I'll never let you see me
get my buzz cut
Six shots like a Call of Duty split-screen
[?] so you know I gotta gang green
Stackin' all of my currency for the niggas who hurtin' me, either they are s
upporting or either hatin'
Jealousy's for bitches, I'm not an enemy
Put my time into money instead of enemies
But you know they say it goes until it's good, we could go in the next seven
days
You don't exist to me
Ya'll can all watch the throne, I'ma still go ham
Stackin' these O's of the Toucan Sam
Bird game perp, there's a killer on cam
I can turn any picture into Silence of the Lambs (Woah)
That's killer, Denzel that nigga (Woah)
People hate regardless and that's a fact nigga
All I gotta do is die and stay racked nigga
But I'm 'bout to have the luxury of countin' racks nigga
Real shit, see now we rich
Overhaters throw south, don't even throw a fit
You can say what you want, but I know you ain't dis
But in reality I prolly fucked your bitch

Boy eastside where you out yo vibe (Damn)
Nigga better clip the .45 (Raa)
Ya'll niggas ain't talkin' 'bout [?] (Damn)
I'm back to the money, who lie (Oh)
Hatin' ass niggas get popped (God damn)
I'm 32 Zel to the five (Oh shit)
If you think I'm not that nigga man, damn my nigga you cry

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Iced out like a motherfucking frostbite
Pure ice, fuck your Snow White
Cold cap, bring da ice
Senile, ice cold, with a girl all froze
Now we eskimo bros
'Cause we scared that ho like a URL
I was born to give ya'll hell so
All hail D-E-N, be like me
'Cause I get the racks, why see you can't
Compared to a profit, infinite, plus niggas too many sockets
Goes in my pockets, niggas be plottin'
For my dog, he gon' cock it
Boys got rich like a firehouse
Pigs come through put the fire out
32 Zel 'bout to ball out
I'm the name yo bitch wanna call out
So how in the fuck do you feel
You do not know what's so real
Kick her right out of the door if she talkin' 'bout feelings or not [?]
Oh you don't like that shit
Tell everybody it's how I say bitch
See not glow, my niggas been rich
Always good music ain't fucking with the clique

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